A Posie for Lovers: OR THE *Terrestrial* Venus *Unmaskt.* IN FOUR POEMS, *VIZ.*

I. The Tempest, or Enchanting Lady.
II. The Luscious Pennance, or the Fasting Lady.
III. The Feign'd Innocence, or the Jealous and Whining Lady.
IV. To an Old Gamesome Madam, who Twittingly Askt the Authour, when he Design'd to Settle in the World.

Adde quod insidiæ sacris a vatibus absunt,
Et facit ad mores ars quoq; nostra bonos.
Nec nos ambitio, nec nos amor urget habendi:
Contempto colitur lectus, & umbra foro.
Ovid. de Art. Amand. lib. 3.

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OR THE

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I. The Tempeſt, or Enchanting Lady.
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III. The Feign'd Innocence, or the Jealous and Whining Lady.
IV. To an Old Gameſome Madam, who Twittingly Aſkt the Authour, when he Deſign'd to Settle in the World.

Adeſque inſidia ſueris a calibus abſint,
Et facit ad mores ars quoq; noſtra bonos.
Nec nos ambitio, nec nos amor urget habendi:
Contempto colitur lectus, & umbra foro.
Ovid de Art. Amand. lib. 3.

CHARLES CLARK,
18—TOTHAM—52.

To the Little Crooked, yet Sweet and Lovely *Rosania.*

A Great Pretender to History tells us, That Ann Bulleyn had an Ill Shape, a Yellow Colour, a Gag Tooth, and a Lump under the Chin; but had withal a most Delicious Wit, a Graceful Meen, an Obliging Air, and Good Humour: Now, altho' this may seem but an indifferent Picture to gross and vulgar Discerners, yet it will pass for a Beauty in a true Platonical sense; since internal Comeliness supplies all other Defects. Accordingly the lesser Irregularities of your Frame can be no matter of Reproach, since your Intellectual Graces are so conspicuous to the World. Your Soul in her narrow Lodging (like an honest Dear Friend in a little homely Tenement) is unaccountably entertaining: And your Wit and Perfections may justly put Mankind to the blush, as they do me to a stand, when I consider my Insufficiency to describe them.

I hope, Madam, You will never fail to bear witness before the World, that I have ever been a just (though not blind) Admirer of the good Ones, or (which I hope is all one) the greater part of your Sex: I hate the poynted and licentious Lampoons, that seem level'd at Womankind without any sort of distinction; and which look more like the Rudeness of Porters, than the just Raillery of a Gentleman: To rake into the Wounds, or expose the Frailties of Ladies, is barbarous and inhumane; and for a Man (because he is of a dull and earthy Complection, or has been cast off by his Mistress for want of agreeable Merit) to rail at the Sex, or blast a Woman of Honour, is abusive and lamentable Cant, and deserves a greater Castigation than that of the Pen. I know, they that are studiously wicked, or vicious upon Principle, are

commonly

commonly most severe upon the little Frailties of those, that are designedly vertuous, and generous in their Aims, but want a nicer Regulation of themselves: And how easie is it for any despicable Wretch (that has but an invincible Forehead) to snicker or shake the Head over the little Lapses or Misfortunes of their Betters; and with a solemn Nod, or decorous Management of Face, to pity Persons of Worth and Reputation?

My Design therefore, in the following Essays, is not in the least to sully the Glories of the Sex, (for why should the sweet Nightingales and innocent Turtles suffer with the obscene Birds?) but to make an agreeable and just Discrimination; and to contribute a little towards the Easiness of Humane Life, the Peace of Families, and generous Freedom and Gaity of Conversation. I do freely own, that Woman, while she glisters in her native Innocence and Charms, is the Fair side of Nature, and prettiest brightest Ornament of the Creation: She is more welcome than the Morn, more beauteous than the Spring, and more refreshing than the Light: And yet if she Degenerates into an Habitual Exercise of Black and ill-natur'd Passions, (for a short Fit may be useful and becoming,) she presently falls from her Sovereignty and Graces, loses all her Charms, and the foulest Vizor a Poet can contrive will rather mend, than heighten her Deformity.

The following Lectures were at first hastily composed, for the satisfaction of some private Friends; and are now Published at the earnest desire of some of your Admirers, who are Persons well affected to your Sex: Whether I have transgress'd the Limits of true Decorum, *I leave to you Impartially to determine. With all Submission and Gratitude I own your Endearing Favours and Charitable Smiles: And do here lay my self as well as the Hopeless* Lausania *at your Feet. I am,*

Dear Madam,

Your Servant and Admirer,

Philosophilus.

THE

THE

TEMPEST,

OR,

Enchanting Lady.

BOLD are thoſe Men, that with advent'rous Toil
Put forth to Sea, and leaving Native Soyl,
By Guſts and Waves around the Globe are whirl'd,
Like flying Poſts, or Carriers of the World;
That with weak Oar advance and force their way
Through th' unfrequented Deſarts of the Sea,
The Scaly Monſters of the Deep engage,
And with frail Veſſel tempt proud *Neptune*'s Rage:
Yet bolder they, and ſomewhat more than bold,
That ſpend their days with an Imperious Scold;
That for their boſom Friend loud Woman have,
More Wild than Storms, more Rav'nous than the Grave:

For Graves are glutted, Storms are reconcil'd,
Waves liſten to a Peace, and ſoon grow mild;
But *Shrew*, the Monſter of the World, do's ne'er
Hearken to Charms, to Reaſon lends no Ear,
But drives to endleſs Horrour, and Deſpair.

Old *Sodom*'s burning Piles, and *Noah*'s Flood,
Joyn'd with all *Ægypt*'s Plagues,
Compar'd to this were the light Wrath of God;
That only doom'd the Wicked, ſpar'd the Good.

But here the brighteſt Souls, that e're did wear
Mortality, the common Vengeance ſhare;
The Wiſe in this black Catalogue we find;
Shrew's the Corruption of Faln Womankind,
The laſt and greateſt Curſe on Humane Race deſign'd.
O the hard Fate of *Socrates* and *Job*!
How bleſt was he, that liv'd alone in Tub?
Happy he ſpent his ſilent flowing Days
In Sacred Solitude, and Golden Eaſe:
Free from Domeſtick Toil, and Boſom Strife,
And that dire Comfort, call'd a clam'rous Wife.

If ever Mortal merited this Fate,
'Twas *Pedro*, of all Men the ſcorn and hate:
Pedro a Tiny Wight, but proudly blind,
In his own thoughts the rareſt of his kind,
Plac't all his Bliſs in Honourable Gain,
Title and Pelf ſupply'd the want of Brain:
T' Augment his Store, dull Comfort of his Life,
The Fop at length wou'd needs trump up a Wife;
And, without Nature's call, his Thoughts did bend
To Nuptial Banquets, and a Female Friend.

His

His wiſer Friends for *Cloe* did appear,
Cloe the Kind, the Vertuous, and the Fair;
But all perſwaſions on the Sot were ſpilt,
For he had vow'd to have a Woman gilt.
The Fame of Rich *Dorinda* reach't his Ear,
All his Devotion was laid out on her;
Fortune ſhe had enough for Woman-kind,
And this had ſtruck th' Aſpiring Lubber blind:
True, at firſt view he gaz'd, as in a Fright,
And ſhrank, as at ſome Viſion of the Night,
Her very Form did wound his tender Sight.
But Gold, Almighty Gold, (that with its Charms
Tranſlates the Dowdy to the Hero's Arms;
That Conſecrates a Dunghil, Haggard Race,
Gilds the Deform'd, and ſmooths the Wrinkled Face)
Soon brought the Miſer to himſelf agen;
The Brighten'd *Marmo* ſoon appear'd a Queen.
In ſhort, with Holy Words the Fiends were joyn'd;
Their Souls and Bodies decently entwin'd:
And ſure the World henceforth will be ſo Civil,
To own a Carnal League 'twixt Witch, and Devil.

Thus far her Tongue lay cloſe in Ambuſcade,
And did not *Pedro*'s Noddle yet invade;
That Miſt'ry was reſerv'd for after-times,
Women in days of Courtſhip ſhrowd their Crimes:
And wiſely for a while their Faults conceal,
Which days of Wedlock do too ſoon reveal.

Scarce had the Moon her Second Round began,
When firſt with Voice ſhe Thunder-ſtruck the Man:
Whether inſpir'd with Inſolent Diſguſt,
For want of Bridal Fuel to her Luſt,

Or ſent by Heav'n to plague the Niggard Clown
For his Enormous Vices, is unknown;
But ſure no Mortal Wight below the Sphear,
Did e're ſo great a Storm of Vengeance bear.
Her Mouth like Bay of *Biſcay* ſeem'd deſign'd,
When all things elſe were Calm, there blew a Wind:
And all the Barriſters of *Billingſgate*
Seem'd but dumb Orators when ſhe did prate.
As when *Pandora*'s Box did open fly,
Plagues and Infection gather'd in the Sky;
So from her Mouth expanded wide did riſe
Such Storms, as did the Neighbourhood ſurprize.
No Bell-Mans Midnight Cry, when Sleep invades,
Nor an Old Madam ſcolding at her Maids,
Nor grunting Spouſe which thro' the Houſe do's bound,
E're rais'd ſo fell, and terrible a ſound.
Th' ill-boding Owls, and Dogs that bark at Moon,
And Cats that ſcream, when the Love-fit comes on,
Ne're rais'd ſuch grating Echoes to the Ear;
'Twas Teſt enough to make a Quaker ſwear.

In vain did Husband Pray and Sue for Peace,
And offer all his Gold for one Days Eaſe:
With Holy Words t' appeaſe her he wou'd try;
In Holy Phraſe ſhe loudly wou'd reply,
And ſtorm his Ears with hallow'd Raillery.

Sometimes She'd Hieroglyphically Preach,
And with Strange, Antick, and Dumb-Figures teach;
The Houſe did then a ſilent Meeting ſeem;
She'd turn up Whites, like Propheteſs in Dream;
Sit as becalm'd, not moving Hand or Voice,
Till bluſtring Spirit riſing made a Noiſe:

When

When rais'd, it grew again as troubleſome,
As the fam'd *German* Pipe, or Devil's Drum:
So Men in *Lapland*, when Hag proves unkind,
Wait many hours for a fair Gale of Wind.

Of all thoſe Ills, that e're came wing'd from Hell,
This Plague oth' Tongue's the moſt incurable:
A *Magdalene* in time may prove a Saint;
But none e're cur'd a Woman prone to cant:

This was *Dorinda*'s Caſe; and, when grown Old,
She ſtill appear'd true Conſcientious Scold:
When half depriv'd of little ſenſe and Wits,
She Rav'd like Woman in Hiſterick Fits.
She cough'd out Choler, and rail'd on of Courſe;
The Godly Bedlam grunted out a Curſe:
Mump't out her Scorn, and grumbled Holy VVords;
A Cutler's Shop ſtuck round with glittering Swords
Was not ſo dangerous as her Empty Mouth;
For Zeal and Grace ſupplyed the want of Tooth;
With Jaw diſarm'd, but edg'd with Godly Spite,
She'd worſe than the fam'd *Turky* Granum bite:
So long, ſo ſolemnly ſhe'd ſcowl, and cant,
Job's Wife compar'd to her, may ſeem a Saint,
Who did but once, though with a Vengeance, rant:
Like *Pliny*'s Fiſh, ſhe was profuſely hung;
You'd think ſhe wore ſharp Teeth within her Tongue.

Thus loudly did She Reign to the laſt Day,
And puniſh *Pedro* with her Tyrannous ſway;
Her Wakeful Engine could no ſilence keep;
Others may Talk, She Scolded in her ſleep,
Hag-rid his Soul by Night, and all Day long,
Blaſted his Senſes with her fiery Tongue:

She laſh't the tim'rous Slave without Remorſe,
Till the dull Creature groan'd like *Trojan* Horſe;
Then left him bleeding, panting, maim'd, and tir'd,
And as ſhe liv'd in Storms, in Storms Expir'd.

Anacreon ſure was drunk, when Beauties Charms
Were made, by him, Myſterious Woman's Arms;
For certainly Horns, Talon, Beaks and Wings,
With all th' Artillery of Teeth, and Stings;
Thoſe Weapons which to Birds, and Beaſts belong
Are harmleſs Toys compar'd to Woman's Tongue:

If e're my Fate, unknown to me, decreed
That I muſt ſhare the Joys oth' Nuptial Bed;
If e're I muſt, for Love of Womankind,
Freedom and Philoſophick Eaſe reſign;
I only beg the ventrous She may prove
A Gentle, Sweet, Good-Natur'd, Houſhold Dove:
Tho' She be Crooked, Squint-Ey'd, Poor, and Blind,
She's welcome, if ſhe's Pleaſant, Calm, and Kind;
I'll know no Uglineſs but that oth' Mind:
I could without the leaſt Convulſive pain,
The ſhock of Honeſt Poverty ſuſtain,
If ſhe but ſilent prove, I'll ne'er complain.
I could methinks,
For my Dear, tender Spouſe, as yet unknown,
Part with a mangled Limb, without a Groan:
I could without the leaſt reluctant fear
The voice of Thunder and of Earthquakes bear,
And face the grimmeſt Death without Deſpair.
But to be doom'd to loud Domeſtick Strife,
To that Rank Bleſſing, call'd a Clam'rous Wife, (of Life;
That with her cant and tears ſow'rs the whole draught

To

To fall a dull, unpittyed Sacrifice,
To a falſe Woman's Scorn, and dreadful Voyce;
Juſt Heavens forbear, as you are kind and good,
'Tis too ſevere a Teſt for Fleſh and Blood:
'Tis Gibbet, Vultur, Wheel, and Rowling-Stone,
All the Ten Perſecutions cramm'd in one.
'Tis ſuch a ſignal, and Tranſcendent Curſe,
That nothing, but Damnation, can be worſe.

THE

THE

Luſcious Pennance:

OR

The Faſting Lady.

LONG had *Lauſania*, fluſh't with hot deſire,
Been the Paſtime of many a Knight and 'Squire;
Long had ſhe in their preſence wiſh't and ſigh'd,
Look't eagerly, and been as oft deni'd:
Next, with a moving Grace, ſhe did relate
Her handſom Fortune, Alamode Eſtate,
Her beaut'ous Jewels, tempting Gold and Plate.
Theſe ſcorn'd to help her Importuning Wants,
She ſeem'd to Liſt her ſelf among the Saints;
Many long hours diſtreſſed ſhe wou'd dwell
In Lonely Cloſet, her Diſconſolate Cell,
(Well ſtor'd with Biskets, Wine, and Godly Books)
And thence peep forth with Comfortable Looks;
Thus a long while ſhe wantonly wou'd pray,
Faſt ſweetly, and indulge it ev'ry day.

This

This done, to th' tame ſleek Chaplain ſhe complain'd,
With begging look; but was by him diſdain'd:
He ſcorn'd to ſoil a Conſecrated Hand.

Unhappy ſtate of poor afflicted Maids!
When vig'rous warmth, or gay deſire invades!
How did *Lauſania* try with wearied Hands
T' Enrich her Face, as Farmers do their Lands;
And dung with Paint her wrinkl'd, ſhrivel'd Brow,
A Barren Soil, where Beauty ne'er muſt grow?
Much better; had ſhe drain'd the wanton Flood,
Or with Infuſions chill'd her ſulph'rous Blood;
She ſhou'd have ſhunn'd all Hot provoking Meat,
And laid aſide cold Tea, and Chocolate;
Faſted and pray'd in earneſt all day long,
And cool'd at once her Liver, and her Tongue;
Happy ſhe might have been had this been done;
And out of her the Devil of Luſt had gone.
Now, thanks to her dear ſelf, alone ſhe's left,
Of Conſolation, as of Charms, bereft:
The Finger-butt of Grooms; abhor'd, and fear'd,
Like Blazing Star, or Woman with a Beard.
Her old Deſpair is now to Madneſs grown,
She bites each Man ſhe meets, raves up and down,
The celebrated Scold of all the Town.
And ſhe, whoſe Talent 'twas to court and woo,
Does all Mankind with Raillery purſue.
The ſillineſs of Man ſhe does expoſe,
And vows ſhe'd ſooner take a Dog for Spouſe,
Her am'rous Shock, or darling Monkey chuſe.
And ſure a fitter Match was never ſeen;
A Puſs with Top-knot wedded to *La Chien.*

Blot of her Sex! All o'er deformed and foul!
Her Body's a true Emblem of her Soul:
Lauſania! Thy Graces ſhall out-ſhine
The glorious Pranks of much fam'd *Meſſaline*:
What ſhe once acted, thou in though haſt done;
May all her Praiſe and Merit be thy own.
Fair *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*, and all the Fry
Of ſuch rare *Britiſh* Worthies yeild to thee;
Their Vice, were in a fair form Enſhrin'd;
But thou art blaſted both in Shape and Mind.
Thou art not fit for Nunnery; at beſt
Art not a Bait for an Hot-blooded Prieſt:
He's curſt that with thee in a Church ſhall ſtand,
And pennance do with Woman in his Hand.
Without a Blot I ſhould not write thy Name,
Nor without Scorn thy Pedigree proclaim;
Thy Noſe from *Mother Shipton* ſpeaks thy Race,
And ſtands like *Palliſadoe* on thy Face;
As if 'twere meant from thy Embrace to fright
Mankind; If ever *Incubus* by Night
On thy Foul Body ſhould deſign a Rape,
He ought t'aſſume ſome new Enormous Shape;
Elſe with thy uglier Form, and equal Soul,
Thou wilt o'er-match the poor Infernal Fool.
The Northern Bear, that did a Maid compreſs,
Had fled at ſight of thy Tremendous Face;
Pygmalion too had ſhunn'd thy loath'd Embrace.
Waſt thou but landed on the Eaſtern Shore,
Thy very Looks wou'd all *Arabia* ſowr;
And had the *Pontick* King but met thy Breath,
Tho' Poyſon-proof, he might have ſuck't in Death.

Whenever Nymph, whom Thought could never ſtain,
Shall be aſſaulted by ſome luſtful Swain,

Whom

Whom Thoughts of Hell or Gibbet ne'er could ſcar;
O that thy monſtrous Image but appear!
The ſight would daſh his villanous Intent,
And ſtrike the inſulting Letcher impotent.

Hence, to ſome rude wild *Indian* Climate fly,
Where Men to Devils do Allegiance pay,
There ſome Reſpect perhaps may light on thee.
Fly to ſome Barbarous Coaſt, to *Affrick*'s Sand;
Thou haſt no hopes in any Chriſtian Land;
Unleſs ſome Puny, Caſt-off, Tawdry Fool,
The Sport of Woman-kind, and Nature's Tool,
Grow deſperate, and in ſad penſive Caſe
Wink hard, and boldly ruſh to thy Embrace.
Like moody *Saul*, who, thrown from all his Bliſs,
Rent from all Hope, and ſunk into Diſtreſs,
At *Endor* Courted an Infernal Bitch,
And made his laſt Appeal unto a Witch.

Pardon ye Nymphs of a Superior Sphear,
Whom ſhortly I'll accoſt with awful Fear:
I love your Sex; and at your Shrines adore,
And next to Heav'ns, your Bleſſings I implore.
I feel your Glitt'ring Charms, partake your Joys,
And wiſh you Bleſt with pretty Girls and Boys.
In all your Toils I bear a mournful part,
And each ſad Accent ſtrikes my Tender Heart:
When I hear a forſaken Virgin's Cries,
My Mother's Softneſs comes into my Eyes;
Alas! poor Soul, look how ſhe pines and dies.
When a Young Widow by the Grave do's ſtand
Of her Departed Dear; I catch her Hand,
And willing am the fading Bloom to ſave;
And fear leaſt ſhe ſhould drop into the Grave.

At *Dido*'s Fate I've often wept, and bled;
Nor can I Patient *Griſſle*'s Story read
Without a Sigh; Nay I could never blame
Th' uncommon Ardours of th' *Epheſian* Dame.
Thoſe Errors, which from gen'rous Love proceed,
To me but ſmall Apology can need:
While others Laugh or Rail, I beat my Breaſt;
I cannot turn Misfortunes into Jeſt;
But count 'em Spots of Humane Race, that dare
Blaſpheme the Glorious Frailties of the Fair.
Yet if th' Incarnate Angels chooſe to fall;
If their Love ſowrs to Vanity and Gall,
Their Pangs and Throws without concern I ſee;
All ſuch proud She's *Lauſanias* are to me.
And may *Lauſania*'s blaſted Pride and Scorn
A laſting Terrour prove to Nymphs unborn.
O that ſhe could beg Pardon and Relent:
But that's too much to hope: If ſhe Repent,
Furies will put on Mourning, Hell was ne'er
So cheated, ſince the Death of *R——r*.

THE

Feign'd Innocence:

OR

The Jealous and Whining Lady.

Horatio *a Person of Honour, of a Free but Vertuous Temper, Marries* Lucinda; *a Lady of good Descent and Celebrated* Beauty, *but a little too Affected and Demure: After the satisfactory Enjoyment of a few Tears in her much lov'd Conversation, he Deserts her Bed, and denies all Nuptial Communion with her, upon too apparent Evidence of her Dishonourable Conduct. After some Daies of Absence, the now Distressed* Lucinda *sends him this Complaining Epistle.*

OFT have I in my Tender Non-age cry'd
And with a bleeding Heart sate down and sigh'd,
At the sad Story of *Octavia*'s Fate,
Deserted by her *Antony* the Great:

Though

Tho' he with ſullen brow from her withdrew,
And wing'd with Charms to *Cleopatra* flew,
Urg'd by the Fates againſt *Octavia*'s Will,
Yet She, kind She, Lov'd and Enjoy'd him ſtill:
(For Lovers live not where they ſigh and move,
But where their Paſſion's fixt, and where they Love.)
Her Fortune chang'd by *Cleopatra*'s Face,
She bore th' Affliction with a moving Grace;
Lov'd on with equal conſtant Strains, and ne'er
Spoke his Dear Name without a Hymn or Tear:
In all the Souldiers Toyls ſhe bore a part,
Kept his Surviving Image in her Heart:
Aſtrea could not hold the Scales more ev'n;
She'd ne'er recal a Love once Seal'd in Heav'n.
Sometimes indeed ſhe wrung her hands and cry'd,
Her pretty Children weeping by her ſide;
Into Complaints and Tranſports ſhe would fly,
Call the Fates Cruel, but not *Antony*:
Her glowing Breaſt did with kind Wiſhes burn,
And Love within ſtill whiſper'd he'd return.
But *Antony* Perfidious and Unkind,
With a Steel'd Heart, and a Falſe Perjur'd Mind,
Slighted her gen'rous Faith, her boding Fears,
Her Melting Wiſhes, and endearing Prayers;
And when from her cold Solitary home
With longing Arms ſhe was to *Athens* come
To meet her Lord, he forc't her back to *Rome*.

I little thought,
When I at firſt to your Embrace did run,
Too Fond alaſs! And Proud to be undone!
That my Malignant Stars would thus combine;
That poor *Octavia*'s Fortune ſhould be mine.

I languiſh-

I languiſhing and hoping Innocence
Took all your Words for Oracle and Senſe:
When you firſt vow'd I ſecretly comply'd,
Tho' by fond cuſtom urg'd I oft deny'd:
My Paſſion was too ſtrong to be conceal'd,
Each treacherous Glance the Myſtery reveal'd:
Tho' my officious Tongue did act its part,
My Looks ſtill ſpake the Language of my Heart:
Somewhat I felt that did ſtrange Heats inſpire,
My Blood was kindled, and my Soul took fire:
I thruſt you from me, flew from your Embrace;
Yet wore Love's kinder Signal in my Face:
I bid you go, and chid at your Delay,
But as you went with Smiles I bid you ſtay:
When e're you ſpake or look't my Heart was mov'd,
And tho' I frown'd and ſcorn'd, yet ſtill I lov'd.
I ſcarcely could the pleaſing Shock ſuſtain,
You look't like *Cupid* grown up to a Man:
You ſeem'd all o'er Intelligence and Flame,
Love was your Centre, your Circumference Fame.
I prais'd (Ah! thoſe ſoft Hours I can't forget)
Your Form and Meen, but above all your Wit;
When I was moſt diſpleas'd, I was moſt true,
To every Object blind and deaf but you:
When e'er I wak't, or laid me down in Bed,
Horatio's Lovely Image by me play'd:
When I alone did walk, you cloſe did ſtand,
Methought I felt you ſnatch and kiſs my Hand:
And then ſuch kind and pretty things you ſaid,
Would from a Death-Bed raiſe a drooping Maid:
Thus for a while my ſoft and yeilding Breaſt
Was with tranſporting Images poſſeſt;
My Virgin Fears with warm Affection ſtrove,
Till at laſt bluſhing I confeſt my Love.

But Oh! With what a ſudden furious Joy
You did your Lips, and innocent Arms employ!
You melting ſpake, then panting ſtood amaz'd,
And without breach of Honour claſp't, and gaz'd:
You ſoftly preſs't me, and ſweet Kiſſes join'd,
Our very Souls did meet, and were entwin'd:
You vow'd by all the Witneſſes above,
Nothing ſhould e'er allay ſo pure a Love:
In your kind loving Arms you held me faſt,
And ſaid we ne'er ſhould part while Life did laſt;
That nothing but the unkind Deſtinies
Should e'er divide our Arms, our Lips, and Eyes;
Nothing but Death ſhould tear us from our Joys.

But Ah! how dim and like a Winter Sun,
In a few Years is your *Lucinda* grown?
How chang'd from her, whoſe charming Grace and Mien
You once ſo much admir'd, and thought Divine?
No Luſtre ſtreams from her forgotten Face;
No ſweet Endearments flow from her Embrace:
No, *Leonora* now has all the Charms;
And cold *Lucinda*'s baniſht from your Arms:
She's the new dazling Object you adore,
And pale *Lucinda*'s Right muſt be no more.
Now Sighs alone employ my fainting Breath;
I no Companions have but Care and Death:
In a dark Cell I penſive ſit and moan,
Since you, and all the Bribes of Life are gone:
Or if I walk to th' Melancholly Groves,
The former Scenes of our once envi'd Loves,
Methink the Birds like ſilent Mourners gaze,
Or with ſad Notes ſalute me as I paſs:
Nothing from you arrives to eaſe my Grief,
Not one kind Letter comes to my relief:

The kindeſt Words cannot your Heart encline;
Sure ther's no Balm for any Wound like mine.
Juſt Heav'n! What have I merited or done,
To be thus ſentenc't to be left alone?
Chaſt I have been as e're *Penelope*,
Or any *Grecian* Dame was fam'd to be;
Or as *Lavina* was before ſhe went
To the wanton Baths with innocent intent:
If e're I have prophan'd our Nuptial Bed
With one Adulterous glance; if e'er I did
Cheriſh one Wiſh obſcene, or Thought untrue
Since the firſt time I mingled Arms with you;
May Midnight Wolves tear out my bleeding Heart,
May I dye piecemeal, or feell all the ſmart
Grim Tyrants e'er deſign'd; may I live on
To a long dreadful ſpace, yet lov'd by none:
Then die a branded, unlamented Slave,
Hiſs't through the World, and ſpurn'd into my Grave.

Why will you then ingulph your ſelf in ill?
Why ſhould you thus a Heart-ſick Woman kill?
How can you thus with bleeding Honour rove,
And wildly Revel in unlawful Love?
Where this ſad Change will end I can't foretell;
But my poor Soul divines it can't be well:
Since no Succeſsful Fate, or Peaceful End
The Diſſolute Hero's Life did e'er attend:
Though for a while grown obſtinate in Sin,
He may out-face the Monitor within;
Yet at the length dark and ill-boding Fears
Haunt and torment him whereſoe'er he ſteers.
Remembrance of paſt Crimes his Soul does fright
By Day, and Hag-ride all his Dreams by Night;

And how ſhall he Heav'ns mighty Vengeance ſtem,
Who cannot bear its Image in a Dream?
Each Wind or Eccho his ſick Fancy wounds,
And makes his Spirits ſhoot beyond all bounds:
The noiſe of Thunder makes him ſtart and rave;
Seems a ſhrill Ghoſt to call him to his Grave;
And all the Charms of Muſick, Friends, and Wine
Cannot allay the ſtorm he feels within:
In his own Breaſt are plac't in open View
Tribunal, Witneſs, Judge and Sentence too:
And thus, though late, he will confeſs with ſhame
What 'tis to violate the Nuptial Flame;
What 'tis to wrong a ſpotleſs Womans Fame.

Pardon this Paſſion of a Heart that bleeds;
Pardon this freedom which from Love proceeds.
My Soul already haſtens to relent;
Forgive me, and I'll teach thee to repent:
I'll ne're accuſe thee more; No, firſt I'll lay
The blame on Fate, or any thing but thee.
But ſure the Injuries to me are giv'n,
Are big enough to ſhake a Saint in Heav'n:

O my vaſt wrongs! Pity ye Pow'rs above
My injur'd Faith, and my neglected Love:
Help my poor tott'ring Bark; Conduct me o'er,
For pale *Lucinda* ſhortly is no more.
To th' Golden Strand, and Everlaſting Shore.

Farewell my much abus'd, and much Lov'd Lord!
Ah! that I live to ſpeak the dreadful Word!
The Bleſſings of this Life wait on you ſtill,
When I am lodg'd in Duſt, or ſome cold Cell:

I, like a plunder'd Traveller, ſtript and bare,
Expos'd to horrid Damps, and blaſting Air,
Lie unregarded here without Relief,
Feel nought but want, and nothing taſt but grief:
The Doleful Tale of Wretched *Niobe*,
Was ſure ſome Dream, or Propheſie of me;
For I with Midnight fears am almoſt grown
As ſtiff, as cold, and ſenſleſs as a Stone.

Ah, that kind Heav'n wou'd in ſoft ſounds impart
And bear my Sorrows to your yielding heart;
Or that I might but in your preſence die;
And there begin my Immortality:
With willing Arms I'd hang upon your Knees;
Breath out my Soul in a dear Rapturous Kiſs:
But ſure the World will think my Wrongs but ſmall,
When one kind parting Kiſs attones for all.
Once more Dear Object of my Soul farewell:
To thee who did'ſt— To thee who dos't excell,
Once more, I bid adieu.
Yet ſure e'er long, ev'n while time forwards rowls,
Before the general Rendezvouze of Souls,
We ſhall again Embrace, again Appear
All Love, and with a Form more bright and clear,
Like Dying Martyrs Kind, and like an Angel Fair.

TO AN

Old Gameſome Madam,

Who Twittingly Ask't the

AUTHOUR

When he Deſign'd

To *Settle* in the *World.*

MAdam, I muſt not from my Reaſon fly
With the Dull World's Opinions to comply;
Nor can I think a Woman's Excellence
Conſiſts in Noyſe, fine Dreſs, and want of Senſe:
The Anſwer's near at hand; when I can tame
Thoſe Riſing Paſſions which divide my Frame,

And

And ſtem the Sallies of undue deſire,
Then ſhall I to true Settlement Aſpire:
For Settlement ſuppoſes Calm and Eaſe;
Ev'n Heav'n conſiſts in Temper, not in place.
Angels are ſettled, while abroad they fly,
And with ſwift Wings cut the ſoft yielding Sky:
And, tho' coarſe Vulgar Souls may count it ſtrange,
They reſt at their Bright Home, when wide they range.
But he's ne'er ſettled that feels boſom pains,
Tho' ty'd at home by Matrimonial Chains:
Nor can that Mortal a fix'd State e're find,
That wears a Reſtleſs and Aſpiring Mind:
Elſe, Men in *Bedlam* may be ſaid to have
A Settled Bleſt Condition while they Rave.

Happy's that Man, whoſe Soul is not confin'd
To Time or Place; who owns a free-born mind:
Who Bleſt with Friends, and Intellectual Peace,
Is Noble, Active, and yet lives at Eaſe.
That Loves, but do's not Fear a Lady's Eye,
Feels the ſweet Wound, but bravely ſcorns to dye.

While Lab'rers reſt, and Guardian Angels wake,
Of Nature's VVorks he can a Proſpect take:
And while he treads the quiet, thoughtful round,
Eternity alone his thoughts can bound.
VVhile others idle ſit at home, abroad
He can be Entertain'd, and well Employ'd;
Unmov'd he'll be, ev'n while he ſeems to roam,
And where he meets his Friend, he is at home.

But Madam, can you talk of Settlement,
Whom neither God, nor Man could e'er content?
Of Wealth you've had, of Husbands too good Store;
Thouſands oth' o e, and of the other four;
And yet you daily pray, and pine for more.
Glutted with Humane kind, again you crave;
Nor can you ſettled be, 'till lodg'd in Grave.
Your gloting Eyes more wantonneſs reflect,
Than any high-fed Concubine can act:
Your wrigling Soul by working frets its way,
Thro' Fleſh and Blood, and doe's it ſelf betray.
Your reſtleſs Thoughts from Man to Man ſtill rowl;
A B eſſed Symptome of a Settled Soul.

When dreadful Fourſcore Years are paſt and gone,
When breath grows ſhort, and the laſt hour draws on;
'Tis wondrous pretty in Love's Toils t' Engage,
And to be Marri'd in a good Old Age:
Wedlock which Youth Adorns, in you's a Sin:
Yet you will on; as if you did deſign,
By your Stale, wither'd Matrimonial Face,
To bring the Dear Lov'd Thing into Diſgrace.
For ſhame, Old Chronicle, no longer rove
In the wild Myſtick Maze of Lawleſs Love:
Hence, and that Venerable L mber lay
In ſome dark Vault unknown to Light and Day:
There ſigh the ſhort Remains of Life away.

There Mourn, Confeſs, tell o're the num'rous Scroll,
Ranſack each ſecret Corner of your Soul.

Shake

Shake, turn it outward, rub out ev'ry ſtain;
Let your Repentance be oth' Nobler ſtrain.
And when your Funeral Pomp, and Rites are paid,
O'er Tomb let your Effigies be diſplay'd,
And do ſome good, at leaſt when you are dead.
Your Looks perhaps may to Devotion call;
Like Picture of Old *Time* upon a Wall.

FINIS.

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